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## The Linden Bark, April 28, 1936

Lindenwood College

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# LINDEN BARK

Volume 15---No 14.

Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Mo., Tuesday, April 28, 1936.

\$1.00 A YEAR

## From the Office of the Dean

Dr. Gipson left for Chicago last Thursday to attend the meeting of the North Central Association of Schools and Colleges to be held in the Stevens Hotel. She has gone as a delegate of the College.

Those who will walk in the academic procession at commencement time were measured last week for their caps and gowns in the office of the dean. If there are those who have not been measured they may still have the opportunity in the office this week.

Dr. Gipson advises all those who desire to apply for scholarships for next year to do so immediately. Blanks for this purpose are in the office of the dean.

Several members of the faculty are doing or have all already done interesting things recently in the fields of their various departments. Miss Mitchell will give two interesting talks within the next few weeks, first at the Benton School Parent-Teacher Association she will speak on "History as an Aid in Modern Living." Then on May 8 when the Historical Association of Greater St. Louis will meet at Lindenwood College, Miss Mitchell will speak on the subject of her research work, "William Knox's plan for the reconstruction of the first British Empire."

Miss Stookey and Miss Reichert attended the Physical Education convention in St. Louis last week, and talked to several heads of this department from other schools.

Miss Gordon attended a speech convention in Columbia last Friday and Saturday.

The Junior-Senior English exam will be held on May 4 in room 211.

Juniors and seniors of next year have been asked to confer with the heads of the department in which they plan to specialize next year. They are also asked to check with the registrar as to fulfilling the requirements toward the degree for which they are working.

This past week Dr. Schaper has been giving Vocational Guidance tests to all seniors who wished to take them. These tests are put out by Stanford University.

Miss Gehlbach and Miss Wagner attended the annual convention of The American Association of College Registrars, held at the Hotel Statler in Detroit, from April 14 to 16. There were some 300 in attendance.

A picture of Jane Bowman, Charlotte Ann York, Dorothy London, Mrs. James Minter, who will be remembered as June Franklin, Marion Randolph, and Jane Dudley appeared in a recent issue of The Daily Oklahoman. The girls were photographed just before return from the spring holidays at a party given by Dorothy London.

Read The Linden Bark.

## Lindenwood "Family" Dinner

Delightful Menu Interspersed with Speeches and Surprises

The students and faculty of the college were entertained at a dinner in the Lindenwood college dining room last Tuesday at six o'clock.

The tables looked very gay. They were decorated with dolls in dresses of raspberry crepe paper, carrying bouquets of Spring flowers. A short program followed the dinner.

The freshman class song started the festivities. Mr. Motley, toastmaster, then spoke briefly, welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Roemer after their recent Florida trip. Mr. Motley went on to say that since Lindenwood girls come from all parts of the country they get many different slants on the problems which confront them.

Dr. Roemer told of various changes that are to be made next year. The dramatics department is to be given the entire north-west wing of the basement, and is to offer, in addition to its present curriculum, courses in staging and making scenery for plays.

Miss Allyn's department, business, will be enlarged and moved to the first floor. Other changes will remove sociology classes to the second floor, and greatly enlarge the music department's facilities.

Mrs. Roemer spoke briefly, with her usual charm and dignity, of her interest in Lindenwood students, and her desire to know them better. She made the point that you get from school what you put into it, and carry away only what you wish.

Dr. Gipson spoke of the beautiful memories Lindenwood girls are bound to have of their years at college . . . memories of the beautiful campus, of the contacts with girls from all over the country, and above all, of the splendid academic training.

Dr. Stumberg, when called upon to speak, begged off, only acknowledging his Republican sentiments, and voicing some slight opposition to Mr. Motley's high hopes for the Democrats.

Dr. Schaper said that while we were all of one group, we here at Lindenwood are above all else, individuals. There are over 30 organizations on campus through which it is possible for the students and faculty to become better acquainted, and for the students to know one another.

Mr. Thomas, after telling of the changes that will be made next year in the music department said the training one receives at Lindenwood does not include only campus events. Attending Lindenwood makes it possible to hear and see more great artists and world-renowned figures than one could see anywhere else, other than New York or Chicago.

After the faculty speeches had all been made and the students had been given an idea of what to expect next year at Lindenwood Mr. Motley called upon various students for a few

## Sino-Japanese Theme For May Fete Program

Royal Court Will Be Entertained By a Dance-Drama

May 15 has been chosen as the date for the May Fete. It will be at 2:30 o'clock Friday afternoon in front of Sibley. A Chinese and Japanese theme will be used in the dance drama which will be for the entertainment of Queen Mildred and her royal attendants.

There will be a Chinese lantern dance, a parasol dance, a peasant dance with the typical Chinese baskets, a coolie dance, and a dragon dance in which the masques now being made in the Pageantry classes are to be used.

Myrna Huddleston will do a Japanese dance, Catherine Clifford a Burmese dance, Charlotte York will do a Japanese Fire dance, and Margaret Thompson will do a Geisha Girl dance. Myrna, Helen Sempres, Catherine and Charlotte will do a lovely number called "Typewriter Tap".

words of their present and past experiences at Lindenwood. Biddy Null was practically reared at Lindenwood, she is one person who never had to spend hours deciding on the merits of different colleges, she just "grewed into it". Her mother is a very active alumna of the college, and it was the natural thing for Biddy to come to Lindenwood. Is she sorry? Well I guess not! To Biddy, Lindenwood is the only school in the world, is Lindenwood.

Ellen Ann Schachner, sophomore president, spoke next. She talked of her devotion to the school and said that she thought there is a spirit at Lindenwood that isn't found elsewhere,—a spirit that isn't tangible, but it is here just the same.

Jean Kirkwood, student government president, thinks the new rules have helped Lindenwood greatly. The girls all seem to be in so much better state of mind this year and are all cooperating beautifully.

Margaret Keck, Y. W. president, said that the Y. W. had other purposes besides just holding a meeting on Wednesday night. The Y. W. sponsors the Little Sister movement every year and also has charge of several gift campaigns for donations to the needy.

Jean McFarland, freshman class president, reminded her hearers of when they were freshmen. She said they were all terrorized by the teachers and the assignments at first, but with the help of their big sisters and the cooperative and friendly spirit of the school they soon became acquainted and are all loyal Lindenwood rooters, the majority of whom expect to return next year.

Kay Morton, junior president, is another well-pleased student. Kay has been here before and expects to return next year to graduate. Like Biddy, Kay says Lindenwood is a tradition with their family.

## Little Girl, What Will You Be?

Dr. Schaper is giving Vocational Guidance tests, in order that the seniors may determine the station in life to which they are best suited. (VOCATION my dear Gracie, not vacation; and Dr. Schaper doesn't want to know if you are going to spend your vacation in Colorado or at the seashore).

The tests are voluntary and no grades are received because of them. They are given individually to any of the seniors who wish to take them; the class members have shown a great interest. Dr. Schaper is speaking of the tests said, "It is very important in a vocational career to know what one likes to do, it makes her more effective."

The girls are tested for such vocations as: lawyer, librarian, nurse, physician, artist, author, dentist, saleswoman, teacher; also in what subject she is qualified to teach; social worker, office worker—which includes all kinds of secretary-ships and bookkeeping; also in the vocation of housewife in her own home.

These tests are written by Edward K. Strong, Jr., of Stanford University, whose system is well known.

## Four Girls Publish Journals

Kathryn Fox, Florence Wilson, Martha Perry, and Margaret Taylor have distinguished themselves in the American Literature class by editing two original journals for publication. Kathryn Fox and Florence Wilson have done a creditable piece of work on William Murphy's Chronicle of the Hardships endured by Indian War Veterans in the Fort Phil Kearney Massacre of Dec. 21, 1866, and the Wagon-Box fight of Aug. 2, 1867. Pictures, maps and collateral account of these stirring events enhance the value of the work.

Martha Perry and Margaret Taylor have edited a Journal of the California Trail, written by Rev. James Tait, who set out from Fulton, Mo., for the gold fields in 1840.

## Delicacies at Tea Room

Spring, or summer, or "sumpin'" is here. Miss Clement announces that she will have fresh strawberries every day from now on. One can also get fresh vegetables. If a group of students would like to arrange for a luncheon or dinner at the Tea Room Miss Clement is prepared to serve almost anything from fried chicken and French fried potatoes to braunsweiger sandwiches. And if one has eaten a meal at the Tea Room she knows what excellent meals Miss Clement's force can serve. Just a tip, her tomato juice is unsurpassable.

Marjory Hickman was called upon for an extemporaneous speech. But Marjory did very well. She likes Lindenwood, she likes to play for the girls, and agrees with the rest that Lindenwood is a fine school.



# Linden Bark

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by the Department of Journalism

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
Marie L. Ellis, '36

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Florence Wilson, '36	Marjorie Briggs, '38
Kathryn Fox, '36	Susan Smith, '38
Harriett Judge, '37	Lorene Mabry, '38
Clara Weary, '37	

TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1936.

### The Linden Bark:

I am the Rider of the wind,  
The stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm.

Lord Byron

## May Day Charming in Tradition

May comes again and with it the crowning of our May Queen. The custom of having a May Queen dates back to the days of the Romans and their worship of the gods and goddesses. May Day was the special day of worship for the goddess Flora and was celebrated with the Floralia or Floral games.

The ancient Celts marked May as the month for special worship of Beltein of Baals. This custom later developed into the English customs of "going a-Maying", decorating houses, and the crowning of queens. This became a major celebration in the English year—youthful revellers danced and sang—May Poles were sometimes as high as the mast of a hundred-ton vessel, and celebrations sometimes lasted most of the month.

Here too, the May Day celebration is one of our more important events, climaxed by the crowning of the queen.

## We Pause To Remember

Now that we have all returned from our Easter recess, it seems we might have time to reconsider a few things that took place before Easter, even as which we were prone to hurry through in order to get home.

Most of all should be remembered the Easter Concert. Not only has "The Crucifixion" by Sir John Stainer, been most popular in choral circles for many years, but its simple beauty has charmed the heart of the most common layman at Easter tide. This year Lindenwood was very fortunate in securing Carl R. Latowski, tenor, and G. J. Lehleiter, baritone to give the solos in the cantata. Under the direction of Miss Doris Gieselman the girls' voices blended with the heavier voices of the men and came to the audience in a harmonious maze of color and tone. The choir was accompanied by Arabel Wycoff.

Especially beautiful were the recitatives and choruses, "The Agony", "God so loved the world", "When Jesus Therefore saw His Mother", and the final recessional, "For the Love of Jesus."

Such experiences are few and far between in our lives and a pause to remember and enjoy them should be made in the routine of the busy day's work.

The choir showed the results of intense and tedious work on the cantata and should be complimented on the beautiful production.

## Languages As An Aid to Culture

Will Durant, well-known philosopher and writer, in a recent article on "What Education is of Most Worth" made this statement, "I do not think I should bother them with foreign languages at all. I studied Latin and Greek for seven years, taught them for four, and talked one of them, on and off, for two;—"

Although Mr. Durant is expressing the opinion of some people when he says that he doesn't believe in the study of foreign languages, there is a still larger group that is very much in favor of studying French, German, and Spanish. There are of course disadvantages to these studies, but the advantages seem to out-balance the disadvantages.

French seems to be the most popular choice of students and it is easy to see why when the fashion magazines allude to Paris styles; a great number of stories written today, have French phrases in them, and then there is always the hope, in most people's hearts, that one day they will see Paris.

Foreign languages are excellent as a cultural background, and a large part of the world's best literature is written in a tongue other than English. Many of the words in the English language are derivations from the words of the European languages, and an understanding of these helps to create a sympathetic feeling with the foreign nations.

The study of the classical languages, Greek and Latin, may not appeal so much to the average modern student unless he is planning to take up medicine or law, or some other profession in which a knowledge of these languages is a necessity.

Will Durant seems to think that a knowledge of the English language is enough, but the modern student desires a broader education, and one way of achieving this end is by a study of foreign languages.

## THE COLLEGE DIARY

By C. W.

April 3—School begins to look deserted as it can be with everyone that has cuts left (imagine such lucky people) taking them to be home for the weekend. Of course the choir is here, however.

April 4—Dr. and Mrs. Roemer returned from Florida. It's certainly grand to have them back.

April 5—Girls! Girls!!—where is your school spirit? We understand that there were those girls who remained here for week-end activities but left for home just before the recital. (Anyway they left school). The recital was grand though and the girls in the choir did beautifully. We understand that some of the numbers had been worked on since last year, and they certainly showed it.

April 6—There has been a steady stream of cars on campus all day. They pause in front of one of the five halls; pick up several girls and leave again. One of the girls who had her vacation all planned suddenly had her plans reversed by a wire from home. Incidentally, dear one, you should watch where and how you spill soda pop—people dislike climbing on chairs for safety.

April 7—The two or three of us that are left cheer the bell at noon. Although we hear that there was the girl who left for the week-end to go to Cleveland and returned for classes today. In reality we think that it was just a way to pass the time before catching the train on west. Or perhaps she likes to be taken to meet trains!

April 14—Everyone looks tired and depressed—and how these people manipulate their cuts to remain over a week and leave early too—is hard to understand. If you try to get the low-down on their vacations they "oh" and "ah" and promptly get homesick. That is, most of them do. Some of us think that St. Charles looks wonderful, (well it looks natural anyway!) A circus was in town today. Part of Lindenwood went childish on us and went. Perhaps it was a hang-over from going everywhere at home. Pinky and Keek even went to the side show—they just couldn't get enough. Hattie walked down the hiway with a pop-eye balloon—and we're supposed to be college girls. Tsk! Tsk!

April 15—Kitty Boopy Doo and Betty Boopy Doo are feeling very lonesome after their "dates every night." Camille came back today and Kay, also, decided to drop in for commencement (or was it for the week-end activities?) Kay was a good lit-the girl though and wasn't a party in the "Hocked Diamond Case".

April 16—Mrs. Semprez has been here and from the number of times that the Oldsmobile has been seen in the park someone in the family must be fond of flowers.

April 17—Friday fish and they were whole fish fried. One girl in Nicolls just couldn't get enough of them although I shouldn't think that fried fish a la bed would be particularly appetizing.

April 19—Then too there is the enterprising but scheming young reporter that reported the wrong church sermon although she was in the right neighborhood. When she told about it she said something about (or in) that certain church just insisted that she go to it. Oh well—a ride home is a ride home anyway that you look at it, eh what, Cissy?

April 20—"Where have I seen you before?" is a current expression among VI's guests of last weekend. It originated at a dance in this vicinity we understand. Gyps even sits around campus saying it. Also the much discussed "Bubbles" was there feeling exactly right to fit into the mood of a

certain sophomore—incidentally how about that sophomore prom? Camille was there too with gardenias in her hair. Gardenias seem to be her long suit!

April 21—Gloomy Sunday is a new record that is the current favourite in Sibley right now. Scores of girls have been to hear it and to feel its much talked of effect. It is rumored that Cote doesn't dare leave her room while the music is being played for fear of something drastic. It must not affect her so, for she is already planning a trip to hear Kay Kaiser—it must be nice to have things arranged so far in advance.

April 23—Ellen Ann gave her recital today and it was marvelous. That dress that she wore was exactly right for the "Royal Family". Somehow we felt that Ellen Ann knew what it was to be away from the stage. That is certainly where she belongs.

April 25—The recital was perfect tonight, and the upstairs is filling up beautifully—perhaps it is the call of Spring, and it is nice to sit outdoors in the swings.

April 26—A new six weeks and we are on our last lap of this school year. It is probably a good thing for the most of us. A few of us couldn't take much more of this. That is all very well to say but we'll all be crying in June—all but Violet.

## Student Board Echoes

What with continued outbursts of applause in the dining room, we are in a bit of an uproar all the time and things have come to a pretty pass when it is necessary for a house-mother to ask for order. Aren't we forgetting ourselves a bit. We clap until there is no time to eat, at least not properly, and then when we get to sing what happens? I'm asking you, what happens. All you can hear is the piano. Why don't we form a glee club and sing in the proper place? Don't ask me where that is, but I for one don't think it is the dining room. Am I wrong. Always open to suggestions. Now tonight when you clap, pardon me, when we clap, just remember what you read and act like ladies, uh-huh I said ladies and if you recognize the subtlety of this remark, you won't clap at all.

## "Jobs and Careers"

### Full of Helpful Hints

On Dr. Schaper's vocational board this week are two articles from a new vocational magazine, Jobs and Careers. This new magazine was first released in March and may prove to be of great help in this field. "Tips for Applicants" is the title of one of the articles. A list of 16 rules is given as to what to do BEFORE YOU LEAVE HOME to interview a prospective employer, and 21 rules are given to be reviewed ON THE WAY to keep your appointment. They are all things that we know and have heard, all our lives, but they should be reviewed. This list is very complete.

"Opportunity Does not Fall Like Ripe Fruit into your Lap" is the theme of the other article. Only lazy people look at opportunity in this light. Enthusiasm must be genuine to the extent of forgetting salary. People should find what they love to do, and a goal chosen this way will be a source of inspiration and willingness to struggle. Life is a chain of activities that must be controlled to derive the best possible benefits from them.

PATRONIZE THE  
ADVERTISERS

**Come out Thursday to third floor Roemer Hall. See the Wonder of Science.**



## Tau Sigma Prizes

The following poems were submitted in the annual contest sponsored by Tau Sigma, dance sorority, for the best poem on the subject of the dance. **The Dance**, by Ellen Ann Schachner, was given first choice; the other poems all received honorable mention.

### THE DANCE

By Ellen Ann Schachner, '38

The Soul is stirred  
By the rushing wings of a bird in its flight.  
By the sun through a leafy filigree of trees,  
By the haunting silence of falling snow,  
By a far-flung star in the blackness of night:  
The Soul is lifted,  
And the heart and mind are caught in the flame  
Falling from passions absorbing and old  
As a pagan altar 'midst the frenzied beat  
Of primitive rhythm. And heart and mind,  
Consumed by LIFE, fling into the face  
Of the centuries, movement of body that flows  
From a soul that is throbbing to music,  
To living, to loving, to feeling; a movement  
Slowly begun, vibrant, restrained—  
Till the faltering flame is fanned by the breath  
Of Beauty and Truth. Now the movements  
Are abandoned and free—they live and are vital;  
The very soul is dancing.

### MOTIVATION

By Evelyn Brown, '36

Swirling white of deep desire,  
Rioting gently in white fire  
Dipping, flying, swooping, dying,  
This white flame will never tire:  
Panting with its soul's devotion,  
All the strings of its emotion  
Humming, strumming, looming, booming.

Desire!!

Swirling black of deep desire,  
Rioting gently in black fire,  
Dipping, flying, swooping, dying,  
This black flame will never tire:  
Panting with its soul's devotion,  
All the strings of its emotion  
Humming, strumming, looming, booming.

Opposition!!

Black and white of deep desire,  
White and black of burning fire,  
What say you if you should die?  
What care I?

### DANCE ANTITHESIS

By Genevieve Chapel, '38

Still the drapes are shut.  
A spot-light glows with blended strength  
Upon the velvet.

Still the crowds arrive.  
And rhythmists' aching notes unease  
The feet of dancers.

A rosy cream upon her parted lips,  
A swinging towards the earth in dips,  
An artifice of black chiffon,  
And little Silver-Shoes comes on!

A calmness, this time, on the lips,  
A stepping now—no ardent dips,  
A gown of pale chiffon,  
And little Green-Shoes now comes on!

Now both together. Two will dip  
Into the other's arms, and slip  
From artifice of black chiffon  
To the plainness of the pale chiffon!

### GENTLE CREATURE, WHAT ART THOU?

By Rachel Van Winkle, '36

As the fragile colors of the dawn  
Tip off the morning star,  
And gather golden sunbeams  
To spread across the sky,  
So are the frail, soft fingers  
Of a dancer's hand.

As an ember burns  
In its blue-green flame,  
And embraces its life with a lambent glow,  
Beneath the black logs of a fire,

So is the tone of a winged note  
To the swift, soft silence of a dancer's feet.

As the lithe, smooth silence  
Of a stalking beast  
Walks through the jungle dense,  
And parts the foliage rich and deep,  
So are the liquid movements  
Of a dancer's bodily grace.

As the bridal veil  
Of the moon's soft beams  
Trails the earth in its silent shower,  
So is the calm and quiet creation  
Of a dancer's mind and thought.

As a dewdrop on the lip  
Of a sun and moon-kissed rose,  
Sparkles in delicate tints,  
So is the muffled music beat  
Of a dancer's restless heart.

As a quivering star  
Through the blackness and blindness of space  
Drifts down to the sight of man,  
So is a symphony of mellowed strings  
To the ear of a dancer's life.

As the night throws  
Her mantle of Milky Way  
Across the span of the sky,  
A misty bridge from dusk to dawn,  
So is life, laughter whirled, tear soothed,  
Born to the dancer through haunting harmonies.

As the white candle of an altar  
Glow on a chalice of wine.  
Then flickers, and pencils  
There, shadows of frailest lines.  
So is the soul of a dancer  
Just before it dies——  
A chalice,  
Some wine,  
And a flame.

### MODERN DANCE

By Margaret Taylor, '36

Weaving, turning, straining;  
Falling on the earth  
Up, up, up, slowly, slowly.  
A dash, a twist, a jump,  
Pivoting on a spot.  
Hurdy-gurdy melodies  
Blaring forth the rhythm—  
Lithesome, twisting bodies  
Shaking through the air.  
Weaving, turning, straining,  
Bowing near the earth.

### FATHER DEAR

By Harriett Bruce, '39

In every family there is some center about which habits and customs pivot; some attraction strong enough to command even when not seeming to do so. In my home, as in many others, this center is my father. The household bows to him; all family life must, soon or late, acquiesce to the furtherance of his desires, comforts, or happiness.

My father firmly believes that no man can control exterior forces until he conquers interior forces. He practices his belief well, and yet I have never seen a more fiery and awful temper. Screaming, stamping fury is maddening, but a well-capped volcano

is a source of terror. When my father gets "mad", the house becomes quiet and well-oiled. Doors are closed, and remain so; pans cease to rattle; radios are tuned low or turned off; and, wonder of wonders, the car sits quietly on the drive, undisturbed. When necessary, we use the back stairway—it would be folly to descend on Father, sitting very calmly in his chair, sorting mail and clearing his throat. After delivering warnings and reprimands, my aunt enters the room, clearing her throat, but apologetically. We stand about the house, useless. The low monotone of Father's voice comes to us. My younger sister Barbara, dares to giggle; my older sister and I shoot startled glances, and Grandmother says, "Hush, child." My aunt's voice gets higher, Father's lower. Finally, if luck is with us, we hear the car being backed out of the drive: if not, we skip lunch and receive solitary lectures from the paternal parent.

After the Sunday dinner is over, my father usually lectures to us on politics, stocks and bonds, a new book, character, someone he knows, or once knew, or plans to know, or almost any other topic. We listen very attentively, although he speaks so softly that we cannot always understand him. None of the family dares interrupt, and I shall never forget the impudence of my younger sister, who once asked for bread; Grandmother looked shocked and shook her head, Father paused for a long second like an annoyed professor. If the phone rings, and it usually does, we run upstairs to answer, so that his discourse shall not be interrupted by unnecessary noise.

Often, on Sunday afternoons, he tunes in on the baseball game, gets a pillow, and stretches out on the floor to read the papers. But the electric fans blow the papers and cool the room so that he invariably falls asleep. Again we close the doors and walk on tip-toe. When we take the car, we let it roll almost into the street before starting the engine. Blinds are drawn and visitors discouraged. Father is asleep.

Of course, there are exceptions to these family customs. However, because Father is home only two or three days a week, and because he enjoys being the undisputed center of attraction, we seek to eliminate exceptions rather than adjust the rules to them.

### SONNET TO A SIREN

By Arlene Herwig, '39

I seem to see you now as you were then,  
So young and gay, so carefree through it all.  
So independent, scornful of the men  
Who listened eagerly for your soft call.  
You played with them as if with toys  
That fascinated you. You knew I was wrong,  
But you heeded not their foolish joys.  
I told you that it could not last for long.  
I tried to warn you of the trials ahead;  
The tribulations you'd be forced to bear.  
If you had listened to the words I said  
Your lonely life would still be bright and fair.  
You forced your luck too many times. You lost,  
And now you see the price you paid, the cost.

Read The Linden Bark.

### ROOMMATES

By Jean Sims, '39

It was the opening day at Lindenwood College. Girls were arriving from big and little cities, in big and little cars, with big and little trunks. The freshman hall was the most interesting, since most of the girls had never been away from home before. One particular room on the third floor was full of expensive luggage lined up next to six suit-cases of varying designs and makes. One of the occupants of the room was lying on the bare mattress, cigarette in hand, surveying the ceiling. The other was seated on the floor, knees supporting elbows, elbows supporting chin. This girl was concentrating on the lounging figure of her new roommate. The girl on the floor spoke first. "I always hoped I'd have a roommate like you."

"You're sweet."

"No. You see, Mother—she wants me to meet girls I'll enjoy knowing later—after I've finished school, I mean."

"Of course."

"I—I hope you'll like me."

"Well, you see, I've never met anyone quite like you before. You are so much younger than the girls I've known. Not, of course, but—well, the way you act. Shall we get blue curtains?"

The girl on the floor moved restlessly. "Why—uh—I brought some white ones along. White scrim. Mother thought——"

"We could dye mine. Light blue, or dark blue, or anything you want. Mother thought that white would be nice for a college room. But if you want blue, I'm sure it will be all right. The dye will only cost a dime, and that's a nickel apiece. I don't think my allowance will miss that much."

The girl on the bed rose. It seemed she was restless. She went down the hall alone. She returned an hour later. When she spoke to the girl who had been on the floor (she was now putting up her white scrim curtains) her voice was as calm and sophisticated. "I hope you won't mind. The girl in the corner room hasn't a room-mate, and she has asked with her. I'll have my trunk moved right away. I'm awfully glad I met you. I'll see you soon. Goodbye."

### PUSS-IN-BOOTS

By Martha Ann Woltman, '39

It is a well-known fact that everyone should come in contact with or have an animal as a pet of his own, and yet that does not tell of the heart-break when they are gone after becoming a part of one's very life. I had a beautiful Persian cat for ten years which will always occupy the highest throne in my affections for any animal.

In the fall of 1925, I was seven years old, an only child, with no pet except a couple of dumb goldfish. My father liked dogs well, but wasn't overly fond of cats. My mother, a mischievous little woman, decided to give him a Persian cat for his birthday. She chose one of two furry little mites, preferring the dark orange one to her blonder sister. I will always remember the night of Dad's birthday when Mother gave him a party. My aunt and I went after the kitten, sneaked her in the back door, and finally set her in the middle of the living room floor, right in front of my father's astonished nose. We had certainly had a time with her, as claws, temper, and fear, of several months growth had made her a wriggling, scratching little feline. She looked so tiny, forlorn yet angry, sitting before a lot



of strange people staring at her; and she finally wobblingly fled under the dining room table from which she refused to be coaxed the rest of the evening.

From then on, she completely captivated us, and a great deal of time and attention rotated about her. I named her Puss-in-Boots because she so reminded me of one of my favorite fairy-tale characters. This was further substantiated by the interesting dark lines which surrounded the middle of her furry little legs, making her look as if she were wearing boots. Like the afore-named hero, she was of no dangerous appearance, but possessed a very brave small heart, as was proved by many times she chased large dogs out of our yard, which she considered her domain. She had long, luxurious fur which needed constant brushing and combing. It was a gleaming burnt orange like the setting of the hot summer sun. Her short legs seemed insufficient to properly conduct her around, but were exceedingly swift in time of need. Her full, furry tail waved gallantly in the air like a drum major's baton. Two erect tufted ears proudly topped her head; lovely green eyes constantly dilated; and a small, impatient mouth opened at intervals to emit a plaintive or commanding "meow".

Several incidents of her youth stand out very clearly to me. One was the time that she had an adolescent fit and simply tore around the house, under, over, and around things, bumping herself carelessly against the furniture. I stood there as if petrified, hardly able to move or open my mouth until the little episode wore off. Another scene was in our basement with Mother trying to give the little spitfire a bath in a tub. It took all her strength to wash Boots and keep her from clambering madly all over the tub and Mother's clothing. Boots looked so very queer when she was soaked, and all her thick fur clung flat against her small frame. Beside the usual tricks of chasing a pulled string and rolling balls, she had an amusement of her own. On the very top of a favorite chair, she would perch herself and then hanging her head and body over in a horse-shoe form, she would slap at her tail with her paw through the back of the chair.

We had rafters over our front porch, and she could climb there by means of light lattices which extended up, but innumerable times in her younger days she would sit there and "meow" sadly, afraid to come down, until I would lean out the attic window at the risk of my own neck, and drag her to safety. Then, she would jump out of my arms and scamper gaily across the floor, as if mocking my concern and worry. She was an excellent and thorough mouser, for all her high breeding and dignity, and kept our house clear of mice for many years. That loss was plainly shown one time this winter when I went home and almost walked into half a dozen mouse-traps. Few things could be more exciting than the time my mother and I helped Boots, when a mere kitten, to catch her first mouse. She treed it in the kitchen, but wouldn't definitely catch it or bring it to us, but played with it with an innocent air. She lost it once, and Mother with a broom chased it from under the stove toward me who was stooping down to see what was going on, but I arose quickly with a shriek as the mouse began to run up my legs. We felt a close sense of comradeship in the commotion caused by the pursuit of the mouse, although Boots slightly resented our intrusion.

After several years, during which she grew larger and richer looking, she began to take on an air of more

importance and reserve. As time went on, she acquired a simple dignity and majesty, and if a cat can have a character, hers was certainly most beautiful. Even in her older age, she never grew grouchy or ill-tempered, but kept quiet and sedate with occasional humorous frolics. She lived on a little plane of her own, so far removed from a world which, after the tension of the war was over, went money-crazed during the heights of prosperity, and then lost property, ideals, almost sanity when the depression came. Boots serenely went her way, quietly, content with a small bit of fresh meat each day and an occasional cat-nip mouse.

In some uncanny way, she knew the instant anyone was preparing food for her and would rush to the kitchen and circle the person, rubbing insistently against his legs. She also had an odd liking for certain cereals with cream, small cooked vegetables, and poached eggs. Yet no one thrived so or was as dainty, for all her unusual menu. After she had eaten her fill she would circle around in a particular spot and finally curl up in a limp, little ball and go to sleep. She was the perfect picture of relaxation and contentment. It seemed to me that I could begin to drowsy by just looking at her awhile.

She was my constant companion from a child of seven to a child of seventeen. Naturally, we tumbled and frolicked together in our youth, but even when I was supposedly grown up and going to high school, no one will ever know the secret joyful games we played together.

She died last August while I was visiting in Wisconsin, just a few weeks before coming to Lindenwood. It was the day after her tenth birthday for which I had sent her a loving card. A few days afterward, I stopped at home to get some clothes, for a little while, on my way to my grandmother's and called in vain for her. It was not until the next week when my father visited us that he could summon enough courage to tell me the unhappy news which simply stunned me, although I knew it had to happen some time.

Whenever I go home on vacations or week-ends, it seems so queer and empty that she isn't there to greet me with a welcoming "meow" and tender rub against my legs. I wonder if I may ever be able to restrain the impulse to lovingly and teasingly call her name as I go in the door. I would give so much to again be able to stroke the pretty fur which I had often grumblingly picked off the carpet or chairs. Someday, perhaps, man will be able to fully appreciate something dear to him before he loses it forever.

#### CARNIVAL

By Virginia Morsey, '39

The twinkling, revolving lights of the Ferris wheel whirled above all else in the fair grounds. There was a confused murmur, rumble, and roar of music, voices, hawkers, but the callope-like music of the merry-go-round sounded distinct and clear as we drove nearer. The busy, almost distracted policeman directed us to a parking place. Fortunately for the family pocket-book, we parked near the free fair exhibits, so my brother and I were instructed that we were to see them before we began to spend our money foolishly on whips, ferris wheels, and minstrel shows. These instructions were fulfilled as quickly as possible.

In passing through the fair buildings we were laden with whistles, airplanes, balloons, and advertisements

of all kinds. The little airplanes which advertised Morton's Salt were my especial delight, for I managed to lose three of them. One surprised the band leader by floating lazily over his head, another lodged on the rafters of the building, and the third was stepped on by an irate fat man who had been inconvenienced by its course of flight in the immediate vicinity of his nose.

The carnival with its freak sword swallowers, fat women, turtle races, gambling and ball-throwing devices, and other side shows soon claimed our attention. Our first adventure came about when we became entangled with a couple of bushels of pink candy floss on sticks, but we soon overcame the difficulties. We patronized the various rides until we could hardly stand up. Most of the contraptions were constructed with the idea that they should make the customer as dizzy as possible; consequently toward the end of the evening our heads had begun to swim.

Every place we went we found acquaintances, so that by the time we were ready to go home each member of the family had collected one or two friends who had come to the fair in some way, but who had no means of transportation home. We finally rounded up our party and piled in the car three deep. Then we proceeded merrily on our way after scraping several fenders and dodging in and out of a slow-moving line of cars for half an hour.

#### SEATING MRS. BARTON

By Arlene Herwig

The doors of the church swung open with a flourish, and Emily Virginia, clad in what the well-dressed woman on the wrong side of forty will wear, peered warily in over the shoulder of a timid usher. The wedding was in full progress, and Miss Calvin, the high-school dramatics teacher, was giving her farewell upstage performance in her best Bernhardt style. Nothing daunted E. V. nudged the man gently with a bulging bicep and whispered hoarsely in his ear, "Do you suppose I can find a seat?" The latter with an embarrassed smile trotted down the first of four aisles with the swaying, heaving, perspiring two-hundred pounder behind him. Down the long lane they went, but with no success, so they tried again. Down a second aisle they tip-toed, looking anxiously around. One hundred guests watched them with anticipation. There was no room for a baby elephant, so back they came. Candles flickered perilously as she passed by, almost went out, then gained renewed strength. Row upon row was scanned, but alas! Mrs. Barton had no place to sit.

She shifted from foot to foot in shoes too tight for comfort. Her moon face wore a look of distress. The people tittered; the minister looked up; the bridegroom frowned, while the bride flushed. The harassed usher at last gave up, and marched the woman-wonder down to the front pew. Nervously he untied the ribbon which guarded the section reserved for the relatives of the happy couple, —then he stood aside. Joyfully the guest eyed the empty space, nodded, and, with dignity and difficulty, squeezed in. The man hurried silently up the carpet while the audience breathed a sigh of relief. Emily Virginia had found a seat; the show could go on.

#### PATRONIZE THE ADVERTISERS

#### SWEET REPOSE

By Margaret F. Burton

A houseful of company and where to put them for the night! That is the annual problem in our home at Christmas time when all the aunts and uncles and cousins arrive for the turkey and cranberries. This memory is deeply imprinted in my mind since I seem to be the official bed-maker at such holidays.

Ben's body is too long for him to sleep comfortably on the hard day-bed, and is either half on the floor or his feet are always digging up the covers at the end. He tries to persuade his older brother, who gets perfect repose in a soft bed near-by, to exchange places with him, but it is of no avail. Frances, the smallest of the crowd, usually gets the davenport downstairs, which must be tremendously irritating since the bristly material has a way of penetrating the soft sheets to irritate one's body. Unless I remember to put a comforter between the bottom sheet and the couch, she itches for days afterwards. I give up my own bed to Aunt Ethel so that she will not have to sleep on an army cot, but find that I have done the wrong thing. My room has thirteen windows in it, and since she is not used to so much air in cold weather, she awakens with a stiff neck.

Then there is the problem of covers. The guests in the cold rooms must have more than the persons in the warmer rooms. It is very disastrous when I make a mistake and confuse the temperatures of the various sleeping quarters. Some persons like large pillows, and others prefer small ones. Since it is my wish to accommodate, I do my best to get this all straightened out. By the time everyone is settled and a calm finally falls over the house, it seems to be nearly morning. Perhaps I am exaggerating, or maybe I am just a bad manager, but at any rate everyone takes it good-naturedly. The next morning when the breakfast gong rings, everyone fights for the bathroom, and in two or three hours the last one has finished breakfast. Their restless night seems to have been forgotten, and they are game to try it again.

#### WHERE IS IT?

By Emily Jane Buxton

An important thing in a college student's life is the ability to use a library properly. Too many young people are not prepared to obtain the fullest benefit from a library when they enter college. This is, to a certain extent, the fault of high schools. Most high schools are not equipped with very extensive libraries, and therefore do not lay enough stress on such training. A number of students do not realize how much effort they would save in the long-run if they would only take the time to learn how to really use the library. It might slow up the work at first, but in a very short while, this ability to do research work would be a real time-saver.

I am completely lost in a library. By this I mean that when I have research work to do, I wander aimlessly about, instead of going about the work in the proper manner. I know the correct procedure to follow to find all available material on a subject, but I simply am not able to apply this knowledge. Before I go to the library, I always resolve that I will do my work systematically, that is, make a bibliography of the subject from the card catalogue and Readers' Guide, then read books and articles. How-

(Continued on next page)



ever, when I actually arrive at the library, I am almost certain to hurry into the stacks, and look through many books and magazines in the vain hope that I will happen upon the desired material. Except in very rare cases, I never am fortunate enough to do this, and I must go back and make the bibliography as I should have done in the first place. Perhaps some day I shall learn.

I believe that it would be very helpful if schools, both high schools and colleges, would offer courses in library technique. Every student would be required to take the course, and the entire time would be devoted to the study of the library—how to find books, magazine articles, and the proper use of the encyclopaedia would be discussed and demonstrated. Perhaps some schools do have such a course, but I believe that the standard of student work in all schools would greatly improve if every school would adopt such a plan.

### Equestrienne

Mr. Dapron really did a grand job of getting those new horses he was talking about. My choice of the two is Midnight, a little black mare that is probably the biggest baby in the stable. Briggs tells me she really can bite, though, so you'd better treat her well! Beside this I was told, in great confidence, of course, that it took two very good horsemen over half an hour to get the little darling saddled and bridled! The other is also black as one might infer from the name, Rayen, is a five-gaited mare and is said to have very nice gaits. Come down and see them, they're worth the effort.

We also understand that Lulu Vee is doing right well by our Dern II. Lulu Vee, aren't you ashamed jumping that poor little pony. What did he ever do to you? Wait till you see her jump him with Silver if you want a good laugh.

We hear too, that Miss Tucker is kind of stealing a march on her sister and is riding Sir Donald now. I heard from a very dependable source that Terry Lad rather juggled Miss Reichert up the other day—losing your grip, Miss Reichert?

### SPORTS

Spring training for baseball has really started out with a bang. Mary, you're doin' right well but then baseball is lots of fun! Even the faculty is taking it up, well, maybe just as spectators, but anyway it's baseball in some form.

There's going to be a Swimming Meet in the near future. The date is not definite yet but it's time to start practicing up, so let's see lots of girls out for open pool.

### ON THE SLOOTH

(Vinchell)

Well, well, well! The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la! Now the latest place to receive flowers is in a ice-cream parlor. Isn't it sweet? For the benefit of those that don't know there was a young lady by name of Nancy, whose fond lover brought her some Spring posies and presented them with much ceremony. Now isn't that touching?

Well, Topeka got a big break! (I'll bet it's fully broke by now!) Three Lindenwood gold-diggers went up there for vacation. Back they came with sighs and moans. But then maybe it was from loss of sleep and not love. It is understood that the hours they kept would have caused your dead ancestors to turn over in their graves.

From the way they looked when

they left (and by the way, Lynn Wood, I hope you saw that, it was really good!), the young ladies that went to Oklahoma City for Spring vacation were bound for a good time. Talk about your rah, rah college. And was O. C. happy to see them. But what Vinchell can't understand is how one young lady could leave somebody at home, to go to Oklahoma. You sure have faith in that ladies' man, gal!

And speaking of ladies' men, what is this I hear (and see) concerning a young lady in the freshman class? Now Gertie, life is altogether too short for such affairs, and besides you'll have a hard time getting him away from Lindenwood in the Fall he so loves the innocent little freshmen!

It is understood that Kay has fallen again. My sakes, we can't keep up with this chatter, it's coming in so thick and fast. And during the long winter months life was so dull! What a life these reporters lead!

Sue came back from an extended visit to nature. What with "Isn't it terrible" McFarland and those other two in that suite, I'd think Irwin Hall would go crazy. That Pipkin girl has a beautiful cousin, you should all get acquainted with her more intimately.

Well, well, well, (and incidentally Well). Our student president has gone so far as to betake unto herself a sparkler. They say it's as big as Times Square and shines like the Lindbergh beacon. Now that's news! I thought only feeble-minded people like myself and possibly Butchie were susceptible to such things. Hi, Butchie! For a small compensation I could be inveigled to stop here.

We wondered if they are drawing our loyal Lindenites to the Rialta School of Minces? It seems that a steady stream of Lindenwood girls (Finley and Rowe) has been wearing out the pavement from here to there. We just had a suspicion, that's all.

As a final bit of news, let us tell you that some of Camille's relatives have just come over from the U. S. country. And she says "They are very charming." Of course they were probably calling her naughty names (oh good goodness) but she wouldn't know the difference because she couldn't understand the Scottish dialect.

That's all for now, Toodle-dooo.

### Strength From On High

"Happy are they who, nerved of God, set out on a pilgrimage," was the theme of the sermon given Sunday evening, April 19, by Rev. John C. Inglis, pastor of the Jefferson Street Presbyterian Church, St. Charles.

Rev. Mr. Inglis illustrated this text, taken from the 84th Psalm, by citing incidents from our everyday lives. "We are living in an age too familiar with programs" he said; "we are too conscious of advertisements. We are even able to secure certain books that will outline our particular course of study in order that we may get through."

"We think of life as a pilgrimage. First of all, we need a goal, a vision that gives us a consciousness of where we're going and what we're going to do. We have a certain valueness with no clear-cut goal and we want something that stands before us."

Mr. Inglis pointed out the necessity for our being nerved of God. On one hand, we are but animals, but on the other, we are sons of God, and thus we are destined to play a part in the founding of His kingdom. "If we can stand forth in this generation, nerved of God, happy will we be."

In conclusion, the speaker said, "We have made progress in the past, and we will in the future, but until we have a spiritual rebirth, we can accomplish little."

### TRIXIE BAREFACTS

Dear Trixie;

I'm just an interested spectator and may be sticking my nose in where it doesn't belong, but there has been a good deal of controversy over a certain group of young men from St. Louis. Now I am not acquainted with the young men but it seems they drive a gray convertible V8 and that several of our very charming young Lindenites have been practically tearing each other's hair out by the roots over said crowd.

Doesn't it seem to you that a college student would be a little more sophisticated about it? After all, there is such a shortage of young men around here that we all must take our turn.

Interested

Dear Interested:

I think you are entirely right. Remember, girls, one at a time, one at a time!

Trixie

Dear Miss Barefacts:

I am a little worried about my friend. She has taken up with a sugar salesman. This might not be so bad, but the great attraction seems to be the sugar that he brings her to feed to the horses.

Do you think she is entirely horse-crazy or will she recover?

Wonderingly.

Dear Wonderingly:

It's come to a pretty pass when horses get mixed up with one's love life. Is Peg odd in any other ways? If so, I'm afraid there is no hope.

Desparingly,

Trixie.

### City Society Writer

#### Discusses Journalism

Miss Brokaw, assistant society editor of the Post-Dispatch, addressed the journalism class recently. She began her talk by giving the divisions of the paper, under a city editor, daily magazine editor, Sunday magazine editor, copy desk, telegraph department, society section, and the advertising department. There is a rivalry between the editorial department and the advertising department that has always existed in all papers, she said. This is ridiculous, for neither one could exist without the other.

The tip for a newspaper story is gotten usually, either by wire, letters, telephone calls, or rumor. A reporter is put on the story; he writes it to send to the copy desk where it is corrected and a head put on it. From there it goes to the composing room; to the linotype; then to the proof-reading room. The head of the department or the editor then checks over it.

In St. Louis there are only 18 women on newspaper staffs. There are no women on the city desk. Their fields are society, fashions, women's features, styles, and so on. In some cities there are "Sob Sisters" but these seem to be on the wane.

The journalism world is justly proud of its printer's union for it is the oldest, most powerful, and most intelligent union in the country. A newspaper guild of the writers is now forming that may prove to be a vital factor in later years, although the section of it in St. Louis has not had occasion to function very much.

Miss Brokaw ended her lecture by telling of her own individual duties. She desired to encourage women to enter the newspaper field. She said that it is the most fascinating work in the world. This belief of hers was evidenced in the enthusiastic way that she discussed her subject.

## WHO'S WHO?

One of the shining lights of our campus, she is a born leader, and her intelligence has been proved by her interest in all activities—particularly anything connected with her science course. Though in a position to be misunderstood, she is a most sincere friend. There's a motive behind the snappy way in which she dresses, too and if you just mention "Fitts" to her, she'll tell you all about it. Ruling the student board and managing those high school pupils are of minor importance compared with gazing at that new adornment on the fourth finger.

### International Relations Column

The plot which for the past few weeks has been in progress to overthrow American government in Porto Rico is now being discussed by the grand jury. It seems that the plotters intend to get their independence and have begun by assassinating Col. R. Francis Riggs, chief of police. The six men accused of plotting against the government have been ordered to bring any documents which they may have to the trial, for public perusal. The men say that the people can no longer abide the abusive treatment offered by Americans who are sent to govern them. The withdrawal of American forces has been ordered at once. We in America must remember that in 1868 the Porto Ricans declared their independence from Spain asserting at the time that the revolution was not founded on any grievance against the mother country. Spain recognized fundamental international relations as laid down by the Porto Rican forefathers and so granted to them the great charter of autonomy, saying future relations between them were to be regulated by treaty. Thus they recognized the independence of Porto Rico and therefore they are now declaring the treaty made at Paris in 1899 null and void. Movements in the grand jury will be watched with interest by all countries.

### LYNN WOOD DICTATES

By H. J.

Lucky for the freshmen that summer didn't stay with us! They can now display those new jackets. The tea-room was cluttered with them, this morning, white gaberdine with the crest on the pocket and belted backs. They really look "spiffy" though, and here's hoping the temperature doesn't rise.—Lorene!—no more nasty cracks.

Ruth Howe is right in the middle of the fashions with her new powder blue accessories. The hat is shallow-crowned, and wide-brimmed with small pink flowers in front. Navy blue shoes match the small band around the crown of the hat; the purse just caught my eye! It's of the same shade as the hat, and of patent leather with a large gold chain at the top.

I'd like to mention Kay Fox, who is stopping with us while in St. Charles. Miss Fox just dropped in for Tuesday night. She is wearing a navy blue dress which has a pink bow at the neckline and tiny pink buttons down the front. She was really smart to buy this—just the thing for travelling. It isn't all travelers that can arrive in town wearing orchids either. Please see Miss Fox for ten easy lessons on "The Art of Travelling."

Read The Linden Bark.



## COLLEGE CALENDAR

**Tuesday, April 28:**

5 p.m., Student Music Recital  
6 p.m., Mu Phi Epsilon Dinner  
6:30 p.m., Poetry Society

**Wednesday, April 29:**

5 p.m., League of Women Voters  
6:30 p.m., Y. W. C. A.

**Thursday, April 30:**

11 a. m., Miss Bornman's Recital  
3:30 to 6 p.m., Science Exhibit  
7:30 p.m., Alpha Mu Mu

**Friday, May 1:**

4:30 p.m., Tea for St. Charles High School Senior Girls.  
7:30 p. m., Mu Phi Epsilon Benefit Movie

**Sunday, May 3:**

6:30 p.m., Rev. R. W. Fay of Overland, Mo.

**Monday, May 4:**

4 p. m., Junior-Senior English Examination.

**Tuesday, May 5:**

4:45 p. m., Rachel Hinman's Graduating Organ Recital  
6:30 p.m., Der Deutscher Verein

**Wednesday, May 6:**

4:45 p.m., Sports  
6:30 p. m., Y. W. C. A.

**Thursday, May 7:**

11 a. m., Student Music Recital  
4:45 p.m., Pi Alpha Delta Tea

**Friday, May 8:**

6 p. m., Historical Association of Greater St. Louis.

**Saturday, May 9:**

12:30 noon, Senior Luncheon, Missouri Athletic Association, St. Louis

**Sunday, May 10:**

6:30 p.m., Prof. O. W. Warmingham of Boston University.

**Monday, May 11:**

4:45 p.m., Sports

**Tuesday, May 12:**

4:45 p. m., Diploma—Junior Recital. Margarette Winder and Marjorie Hickman.

## Sidelights of Society

Dr. and Mrs. Roemer have recently returned from a brief vacation trip to Florida. They spent the greater part of their time in Miami. As they were leaving to return to Lindenwood Dr. Roemer said that he "loved the sunshine and the balmy breezes of Florida, but he was coming home to those he knew best and loved most." Lindenwood welcomed them with a dinner party last Tuesday.

In Miami the Roemers enjoyed the lovely view of the ocean they had from their windows, and basked in the sun on the porch of their hotel suite.

### Commercial Club at Opera

The Commercial Club, sponsored by Miss Allyn, attended the opera Monday night and heard Lily Pons in Lucia in Lammermoor. There were twenty members of the club in the party. All went in to St. Louis together in a chartered bus and after the opera many of the girls went backstage for autographs. After much delay the party went to Garavelli's for food.

### Y. W. Gives Varied

#### Entertainment

First class entertainment was to be found at the Y. W. meeting April 1. The girls really put on a good show. There was dancing, singing, and "assorted" music.

Lena Hiller played "Vienese Valse" and got the program off to a good start. Then Margaret Bartholomew read "Pink Ice Cream". Charlotte York and Catherine Clifford, wearing

ravy blue shorts and fancy shirts, did a tap dance to "Goody Goody". They really are good. The room was filled with "ohs" and "ahs" as Randy sang "Nite and Day". That song really racks 'em in, and when Randy sings it, even the most cold-hearted gal has to weaken. By way of a little contrast Val Jean Aldred sang "I Love You Truly". It is an old piece and far from the "Torch Singer" type. (By the way, does any one know what a Torch Singer really is?). The song really is a lovely one, and one that carries one through the years. Martha Perry entertained with several popular selections and everyone went home reluctantly.

### Art Club

The art club, Kappa Pi, met Thursday at five o'clock in the art department. Reports were made on the life of Lily Pons and the opera, Lucia di Lammermoor, which they attended. After this there was a brief business discussion.

### Science Department

#### Announces Annual Show

There will be exhibits from each department of science

The annual science show, sponsored by the honorary science fraternity, the Triangle Club, will be held Thursday afternoon, April 30, from 3:30 o'clock to 6 o'clock. The show will include the entire science department and will be held in the different laboratories.

The chemistry department will have displays on cosmetics, fireworks, testing for vitamins, color analysis, and an exhibit on honey. There will be a class analysing baking powder, and a lecture and exhibit on weeds.

In the bacteriology department, there will be exhibits on foods, digestion, and diphtheria. Other exhibits will be those of bacteria causing diseases. The physics department will have exhibits on light and sound, and electrical phenomena.

In the biology department, the students are preparing exhibits on the life histories of plants and animals, gardens, and they will have on exhibit models dealing with interesting things in that field. The zoology classes are to have exhibits among which there will be a fish and Lily pool. There will be life history exhibits on the frog, salamander, and insects. There will be an embryological demonstration, and an exhibit of parasites, beetles, and insects. There will be a display of live animals and the best notebook will be in the laboratory for inspection. There will be an exhibit to show bone structure by staining.

### "The Lunatic, Lover, And Poet" at Y. W.

Dr. Sigmund Betz was the speaker at the Y. W. C. A. meeting on Wednesday, April 22, choosing for his subject, "The Lunatic, the Lover, and the Poet." His talk proved to be a most interesting discussion on poetry and its importance today. Dr. Betz pointed out that most of us consider poetry as a roundabout way for a person to put down his thoughts in an abundance of flowery words. In reality, we are the ones who speak excessively and the poet really reveals himself in a most beautiful manner.

"People today like rhythm and feeling," Dr. Betz stated, "and certainly poetry provides that." He concluded his interesting speech by reading several poems that illustrated his points.

## Sixty-Two Recipients Of Commencement Honors

### Graduation Day the Climax of the Homecoming Ceremonies

The list has been completed of those who will receive Lindenwood College degrees, certificates, and diplomas Monday morning, June 8. Those who will receive their Bachelor of Arts degree are: Mildred Ann Atkinson, Bicknell, Ind.; Elizabeth Jeanette Baker, Evansville, Ind.; Dorothy Barton, and Dorothy Bottani, both of St. Charles; Evelyn Brown, St. Louis; Ruth Marie Burkle, Geneva, Ia.; Adele Cote, Omaha, Neb.; Marie Louise Ellis, Sioux City, Ia.; Kathryn Fox, Cheyenne, Wyo.; Dorothy Funk, Vincennes, Ind.; Mary Candace Greer, St. Louis; Nancy McClure Hendy, Jefferson City, Mo.; Wilma Hoen, Hinsdale, Ill.; Juanita Jones, Johnston City, Ill.; Jean Kirkwood, Lawrenceville, Ill.; Sylvia Janet Lipp, Cleveland, Ohio; Mary Isabelle Long, Leon, Ia.; Alice McCauley, St. Louis; Mary Elizabeth Null, St. Charles; Eleanor Denny Payne, Teheran Persia; Mildred Rhoton, Anderson, Ind.; Hermine Rositzky, St. Joseph, Mo.; Margaret Taylor, St. Louis; Ernestine Marie Thro, St. Charles; Rachel Van Winkle, Los Angeles, Calif.; Florence Virginia Wilson, Chicago; and Guinivere Wood, Oakland City, Ind.

Those who will receive the degree of Bachelor of Science are: Bettie Aylward, Springfield, Ill.; Ethel-Gard Barry, Elkhart, Ill.; Marguerite Eckenmeier, St. Charles, Mo.; Margaret Hollands, Lamoni, Ia.; Ruth Howe, University City, Mo.; Camille Bee McFadden, Taylorville, Ill.; Margaret Louise Meyers, East St. Louis, Ill.; Martha Perry, Clinton, Ill.; Lenore Schierding, St. Charles, Mo.; Mary Elizabeth Stuhler, Moline, Ill.; and Violet Wipke, Kirkwood, Mo.

The degree of Bachelor of Music will be conferred on Rachel A. Hinman, of Sandwich, Ill.

Twenty-one certificates for completion of courses, and two diplomas will be conferred. The certificate of Associate in Arts will be given to Jonelle Baker, Kennett, Mo.; Mary Elizabeth Baptist, Shawnee, Okla.; Dorothy Ann Bockstegé, Evansville, Ind.; Becky Jane Brown, Mexico, Mo.; Betty Wilson Brown, Mayfield, Ky.; Marie Louise Christensen, Fremont, Neb.; Mary Elizabeth Jolley, Mexico, Mo.; Dorothy Virginia London, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Mary Louise Mills, Muskogee, Okla.; Dorothy Alice Muirhead, Newport, Ark.; Marion Randolph, Manitowoc, Wis.; Jane Roberts, Dodge City, Kan.; Marie LaRue, Tulsa, Okla.

Those who will receive a Certificate in Business are: Dorothy Ervin, Bartlesville, Okla.; Margaret Hoffmann, Lamoni, Ia.; Ruth Howe, University City, Mo.; Lorene Mabry, Alton, Ill.; Elma Lorene Milhouse, Lawrenceville, Ill.

A Certificate in Physical Education will be bestowed on Jane L. Bowman, Great Falls, Mont.; and Wanda Gayle Covington, Plainview, Texas.

Ellen Ann Schachner, of St. Louis, will receive a Certificate in Speech and Dramatics.

A Diploma in Voice will be given to Virginia Jaeger, East St. Louis, Ill.; and Margaret Lyn Winder, Fort Smith, Ark.

### EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY

By Evelyn Sears, '39

I don't think I shall ever get over my childish desire for and love of ice cream sodas. They have always been, for me, the symbol of soda fount perfection, the end of a perfect—or, non-perfect, for that matter—shopping

tour, and all that. And it is chocolate sodas of which I am most fond. I am afraid it is impossible to try to describe their taste. The effervescent foam is like nothing else; the cool, smooth taste of vanilla cream mixed with the chocolate liquid is one never known elsewhere. And the feeling of luxurious well-being which always accompanies these delightful drinks is assuredly in no way similar to any feeling of well-being gained by other means. But it is useless to try to describe a feeling and a fondness that is common to all—Americans, at least.

I am always thankful when I am able to quit just as I reach the point of my physical endurance. It happened thus tonight. I had to walk a mile uphill on ice, and just when I thought I had stood it as long as I could, I was there, and able to flop down on a bed, utterly exhausted and completely happy. I lay there almost a half-hour, rejoicing in the fact that I had been strong enough to get there before I really "gave out." I felt all over as though I never wanted to move again. I wasn't angry or sad, but only happy, not caring to move again. I truly believe that physical tiredness is the most nearly perfect feeling that man can know, and I believe, also, that death must be something similar—a simple feeling of need of rest, and, once down, of never caring to move again, not because of any anger at or disillusionment in life, but merely because the fulfilling hour of perfection has come.

It is so queer, the feeling that beautiful or strange music can give you. Today, during the recital, I distinctly felt "as though the top of my head were off," which is Emily Dickinson's definition for poetry. I know that music is poetry—poetry and art and dancing and, above all, feeling. Some music can give me a feeling of superiority to everything earthly, almost as if I were already dead and knew far more than mere people would ever be able to realize. Some music, though, makes me feel as if I were being pushed deep down in the earth and, like Edna Millay in "Renaissance", can feel and know all the pain and suffering, both mental and physical, of the entire world.

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